

XG
3967
.6

PHILASTER:

O R,

Love lies a bleeding.

Acted at the { *Globe,* and { By His Majesties
 { *Black-friers,* } Servants.

The Authors { *Francis Beaumont,* }
 { and } Gent.
being { *John Fletcher,* }

The fifth Impression.



L O N D O N:

Printed for *William Leake* and are to be sold at his shop at the
Sign of the Crown in *Fleestreet*, between the two
Temple Gates. 1652.

167 67



THE
STATIONER
TO THE
Understanding Gentry.

THis Play so affectionately taken, and approved by the seeing Auditors, or hearing Spectators (of which sort I take or conceive you to be the greatest part) hath received (as appears by the copious vent of four Editions) no less acceptance with improvement of you likewise the Readers, albeit the first Impression swarm'd with errors, proving it self, like pure Gold, which the more it hath been tryed and refined, the better is esteemed; the best Poems of this kinde in the first presentation, resembling that all tempting Mineral newly digged up, the Actors being onely the laboring Miners, but you the skilful Tryers and Refiners: Now consider how currant this hath passed, under the infallible stamp of your judicious Censure, and Applause, and (like a gainful office in this Age) eagerly sought for, not onely by those that have seen it, but by others that have meerly heard thereof: here you behold me acting the Merchant-Adventurers part, yet as well for their satisfaction, as mine own benefit, and if my hopes (which I hope, shall never lie like this Love a bleeding,) do fairly arrive at their intended Haven, I shall then be ready to lade a new Bottom, set forth again, to gain the good will both of you and them. To whom respectively I convey this hearty greeting: Adieu.

PHILASTER.

Philaster. At which the City was in arms, not to be charm'd down by any State order or Proclamation, till they saw *Philaster* ride through the streets pleas'd, and without a guard; at which they threw their Hats, and their aimes from them: some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which (wie men say) is the cause, the King labours to bring in the power of a forraign Nation, to awe his own with.

Enter *Gallatea*, *Megra*, and a Lady.

Tra. See, the Ladies, what's the first?

Dio A wise and modest Gentlewoman, that attends the Princess.

Cle. The second?

Dio. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill favour'dly Dance her Measure; simper when she is Courted by her Friend, and slight her Husband. — *Cle.* The last?

Di. Marry I think she is one whom the State keeps for the Agents of our confederate Princes: she'll cog & lie with a whole Army, before the league shall break: her name is common through the Kingdom, and the Trophies of her dishonor, advanced beyond *Hercules* pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of mens bodies; and indeed has destroyed the worth of her own body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the Common-wealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

La. Peace, if you love me: you shall see these Gentlemen stand their ground, and not Court us.

Gal. What if they should? *Meg.* What if they should?

La. Nay, let her alone; what if they should? Why, if they should, I say, they were never abroad: what Forraigner would do so? It writes them directly untravell'd.

Gal. Why, what if they be? *Meg.* What if they be?

La. Good Madam let her go on; what if they be? Why if they be, I will justify they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious Lady, nor make a leg, nor say excuse me.

Gal. Ha, ha, ha. *La.* Do you laugh Madam?

Di. Your desires upon you Ladies: *La.* Then you must sit beside us.

Di. I shall sit neer you then Lady.

La. Neer me perhaps: But there's a Lady indures no stranger, and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

Meg. Me thinks he's not so strange, he would quickly be acquainted.

Tra. Peace, the King.

Enter *King*, *Pharamond*, *Arethusa*; and train.

King. To give a stranger testimony of love,

Then

PHILASTER.

Then sickly promises (which commonly
 In Princes find both birth and burial)
 In one breath, we have drawn you worthy sir,
 To make your fair indearments to your daughter,
 And worthy services known to our subjects,
 Now lov'd and wondred at. Next our intent,
 To plant you deeply, our immediate Heir
 Both to our Blood and Kingdomes. For this Lady,
 (The best part of your life, as you confirme me,
 And I believe) though her few years and sex
 Yet teach her nothing but her feares and blushes,
 Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge,
 Onely of what her self, is to her self,
 Make her feel moderate health : and when she sleeps,
 I making no ill day, knowes no ill dreames.
 Think not (dear sir) these undivided parts;
 That must mould up a Virgin, are put on
 To shew her so, as borrowed ornaments,
 To speak her perfect love to you, or adde
 An Artificial shadow to her nature:
 No sir, I boldly dare proclaime her, yet
 No Woman. But woo her still, and think her modesty,
 A sweeter mistress then the offer'd Language
 Of any Dame, were she a Queen whose eye
 Speakes common loves and comforts to her servants.
 Last, noble son, (for so I now must call you)
 What I have done thus publike, is not onely
 To adde a comfort in particular,
 To you or me, but all ; and to confirme
 The Nobles, and the Gentry of these Kingdomes,
 By oath to your succession, which shall be
 Within this moneth at most. *Tra.* This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Di. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done;
 Whilst so brave a Gentleman's wrong'd and slung off.

Tra. I fear. *Cle.* Who does not ?

Di. I fear not for my self, and yet I fear too :
 Well, we shall see, we shall see : no more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand (mistress) I take leave,
 To thank your royal father : and thus farre,

P H I L A S T E R.

To be my own free Trumpet. Understand
 Great King, and these your subjects, mine that must be,
 (For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,
 And so deserving I dare speak my self)
 To what a person, of what eminence,
 Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
 Maners and vertues you would wed your Kingdoms?
 You in me have your wishes, Oh this Countrey,
 By more then all my hopes I hold it
 Happy, in their dear memories that have been
 Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is.
 And from you (as a Chronicle to keep
 Your noble name from eating age) do I,
 Open my self most happy, Gentlemen,
 Beleeve me in a word, a Princes word,
 There shall be nothing to make up a Kingdome
 Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
 Equal to be commanded, and obey'd:
 But through the travels of my life I'll finde it,
 And tye it to this Countrey. And I vow,
 My reign shall be so easie to the subject,
 That every man shall be his Prince himself,
 And his own law: yet I his Prince and law:
 And dearest Lady, to your dearest self,
 (Dear, in the choice of him, whose name and lustre,
 Must make you more, and mightier) let me say,
 You are the blessed'st living? For sweet Princess,
 You shall enjoy a man of men, to be
 Your servant; You shall make him yours, for whom
 Great Queens must die. *Tra. Miraculous.*

Cle. This speech calls him *Spaniard*, being nothing but
 A large inventory of his own commendations.

Enter Philaster.

Di. I wonder what's his price? For certainly he'll sell himself,
 he has so prais'd his shape: But here comes one, more worthy those
 large speeches, then the large speaker of them: let me be swallowed
 quick, if I can finde, in all the Anatomy of yon mans vertues, one
 sinew sound enough to promise for him, he shall be Constable. By
 this Sun, he'll ne're make King, unless it be for trifles; in my poor
 judgement.

PHILASTER.

Phi. Right noble sir, as low as my obedience
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.

K. Rise, you have it sir.

Di. Mark but the King how pale he looks with fear.
Oh, this same whoreson Conscience, how it jades us!

K. Speak your intents sir. *Phi.* Shall I speak 'um freely?
Be still my royal Sovereign. *K.* As a subject,
We give you freedom. *Di.* Now it heats,

Phi. Then thus I turn'd
My language to you Prince, you forraign man.
Ne're stare nor put on wonder, for you must
Indure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon;
(A dowry as you hope with this fair Princess,
Whose memory I bow to) was not left
By my dead Father (Oh, I had a Father)
To your inheritance, and I up and living;
Having my self about me and my sword.
The souls of all my name, and memories;
These arms and some few friends, beside the gods,
To part so calmly with it, and sit still,
And say I might have been. I tell thee *Pharamond*,
When thou art King, look I be dead and rotten,
And my name ashes, for, hear me *Pharamond*,
This very ground thou goes on: this fat earth,
My fathers friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy Nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels: Prince, it shall;
By *Nemesis* it shall. *Phi.* He's mad beyond cure, mad,

Di. Here's a fellow has some fire in's veins:
The outlandish Prince looks like a tooth-drawer.

Phi. Sir, Prince of Poppinjays, I'll make it well appear
To you I am not mad. *K.* You displease us,
You are to bold. *Phi.* No sir, I am too tame,
To much a Turtle, a thing born without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud sails over,
And makes nothing. *K.* I do not fancie this,
Call our Physicians: sure he is somewhat tainted.

P H I L A S T E R.

Tra. I do not think 'twill prove so.

Di. H'as given him a general purge already, for all the right hee has, and now he meanes to let him blood : Be constant Gentlemen, by these hits I'le run his hazard, although I run my name out of the Kingdome. *Cle.* Peace, we are one soul.

Phi. What you have seen in me ; to stir offence,
I cannot finde, unless it be this Lady,
Offer'd into my arms, with the succession,
Which I must keep though it hath pleas'd your fury
To mutiny within you ; without disputing
Your *Genealogies*, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are. The King will leave it me.
And I dare make it mine ; you have your answer.

Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him,
That made the world his ; and couldst see no sun
Shine upon any thing but thine ; were *Pharamond*
As truly valiant, as I feel him cold,
And ring'd amongst the choicest of his friends,
Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied commendations.
And from this present : Spight of all these bugs,
You should hear further from me ! K. Sir, you wrong the Prince :
I gave not you this freedom to brave our best friends,
You deserve our frown : Go to, be better temper'd.

Phi. It must be fir, when I am nobler us'd. *Gal.* Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of succession,
Had he ne're met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthyest, the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge,
But the other is the man set in my eye ;
Oh ! 'tis a Prince of wax. *Gal.* A dog it is. K. *Philaster*, tell me
The injuries you aim at in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes fir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you and my broken fortunes,
My want's grear, and now nought but hopes and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laught at.
Dare you be still my King and right me not ?

K. Give me your wrongs in private.

They whisper.

Phi. Take them, and ease me of a load would bow strong *Atlas*.

Cle.

PHILSATER.

Cle. He dares not stand the shock.

Di. I cannot blame him, there's danger in't, Every man in this age, has not a soul of Chrystal; for all men to read their actions through mens hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view your stranger well, and you shall see a fever through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true tenant; if he give not back his Crown again upon the report of an Elder Gun, I have no augury. *K.* Go to:

Be more your self, as you respect our favour:

You'll stir us else: Sir, I must have you know.

That y'are and shall be at our pleasure, what faithon we

Will put upon you: smoothe your brow, or by the gods.

Phi. I am dead sir, y'are my fate: it was not I

Said I was not wrong'd: I carry all about me,

My weak stars led me to; all my weak fortunes.

Who dares in all this presence speak (that is

But man of flesh and may be mortal) tell me

I do not most intirely love this Prince,

And honor his full vertues. *K.* Sure he's posselt.

Phi. Yes, with my fathers spirit: It's here, O King!

A dangerous spirit, now he tels me King

I was a Kings heir, bids me be a King,

And whispers to me, these be all my subjects.

'Tis strange, he will not let me sleep, but dives

Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes,

That kneel, and do me service, cry me King:

But I'll suppress him, he's a factious spirit,

And will undo me: noble sir, your hand, I am your servanc.

K. Away, I do not like this,

I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you

Both of life and spirit: For this time

I pardon your wilde speech, without so much

As your imprisonment.

Exit *K. Pha. Arc.*

Di. I thank you sir, you dare not for the people.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand: but eye you stranger, is he not a fine compleat Gentleman? O these strangers, I do affect them strangely: they do the rarest home things, and please the fullest: as I live, I could love all the Nation over and over for his sake.

Gal.

PHILASTER.

Gal. Pride comfort your poor head-piece Lady, 'tis a weak one, and had need of a night cap.

Di. See how his fancy labours, has he not spoke Home, and bravely? what a dangerous train Did he give fire to? How he shook the King, Made his soul melt within him, and his blood Run into whay, it stood upon his brow, Like a cold winter dew. *Phi.* Gentlemen, You have no sute to me? I am no Minion: You stand (me thinks) like men that would be Courtiers If you could be flatter'd at a price, Not to undo your children: y'are all honest: Go get you home again, and make your Countrey A vertuous Court, to which your great Ones may, In their diseased age, retire, and live recluse.

Cle. How do you worthy sir? *Phi.* Well, very well; And so well, that if the King please, I find I may live many years;

Di. The King must please, Whilst we know what we are, and who you are, Your wrongs and injuries: shrink not, worthy sir, But adde your Father to you: in whose name, We'l waken all the gods, and conjure up The rods of vengeance, the abused people, Who like to raging torrents shall swell high, And so begirt the dens of these Mele dragous, That through the strongest safety, they shall beg For mercy at your swords point. *Phi.* Friends, no more, Our years may be corrupted: 'Tis an age We dare not trust our wills to: do you love me?

Tra. Do you love Heaven and honor?

Phi. My Lord *Dion*, you had A vertuous Gentlewoman, called you Father, Is she yet alive? *Di.* Most honor'd sir, she is: And for the pen nce but of an idle dream, Has undertook a tedious Pilgrimage. *Enter a Lady.*

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these Gentlemen you come?

La. To you, brave Lord: the Princess would intreat Your present company.

Phi. The Princess send for me? Y'are mistaken.

PHILASTER.

La. If you be cal'd *Philaster*, 'tis to you.

Phi. Kiss her hand, and say I will attend her.

Di. Do you know what you do? *Phi.* Yes, go to see a woman.

Cle. But do weigh the danger you are in?

Phi. Danger in a sweet face?

By *Jupiter* I must not fear a woman.

Tra. But are you sure it was the Princess sent?

It may be some foul train to catch your life.

Phi. I do not think it Gentlemen: she's noble,

Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red

And white friends in her face may steal my soul out:

Ther's all the danger in't: but be what may, *Exit Phil.*

Her single name hath arm'd me.

Di. Go on:

And be as truly happy, as th'art fearless:

Come Gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted.

Left the King prove false.

Exit Gentlemen.

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Are. Comes he not? *La.* Madam:

Are. Will *Philaster* come? *La.* Dear Madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.

Are. But didst thou tell me so?

I am forgetful, and my womans strength

Is so ore'charg'd with dangers like to grow,

About my marriage, that these under things

Dare not abide in such a troubled sea:

How look't he, when he told thee he would come?

La. Why, well. *Are.* And not a little fearful?

La. Fear Madam? Sure he knowes not what it is:

Are. You are all of his Faction; the vvhole Court
Is bold in praise of him, vvhilst I

May live neglected, and do noble things,

As fools in strife throw gold into the Sea,

Drown'd in the doing: but I know he fears.

La. Fear? Madam (me thought) his looks hid more
Of love then fear.

Are. Of love? To vvhom? To you?

Did you deliver those plain vvords I sent,

With such a vvinning gesture, and quick look

That you have caught him?

La. Madam, I mean to you,

PHILASTER.

Are. Of love to me? Alas, thy ignorance
 Lets thee not see the crosses of our births:
 Nature, that loves not to be questioned
 Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,
 And knowes she does vvell, never gave the vworld
 Twvo things so opposite, so contrary,
 As he and I am: If a bovv of blood
 Dravvn from this arm of mine, vvould poyson thee,
 A draught of this vvould cure thee. Of love to me?

La. Madam, I think I hear him.

Are. Bring him in.

You Gods that vvould not have your dooms vvithstood,
 Whose holy vvifdomes at this time it is,
 To make the passion of a feeble maid,
 The vvay unto your Justice; I obey.

Enter Phi.

La. Here is my Lord *Philaster*. *Are.* Oh 'tis vvell:
 Withdrawv your self. *Phi.* Madam, your Messenger
 Made me believe, you vvish'd to speak vvith me.

Are. Tis true *Philaster*, but the vvords are such
 I have to say, and do so ill beseem
 The mouth of vvoman, that I vvish them said.
 And yet am loth to speak them, have you knowvn,
 That I have ought detracted from your vvorth?
 Have I in person vvrong'd you? Or have set
 My baser Instruments to throwv disgrace
 Upon your vertues? *Phi.* Never Madam you.

Are. Why then should you in such a publique place,
 Injure a Princess, and a scandal lay
 Upon my fortunes, sam'd to be so great:
 Calling a great part of my dovrvy in question?

Phi. Madam, this truth vvhich I shall speak, vvill be
 Foolish: but for your fair and vertuous self,
 I could afford my self to have no right
 To any thing you vvish'd. *Are.* *Philaster*, knowv

I must enjoy these Kingdomes. *Phi.* Madam, both

Are. Both, or I dye: by Fate I die *Philaster*,
 If I not calmely may enjoy them both.

Phi. I vvould do much to save that noble life:
 Yet vvould be loth to have posterity
 Find in our stories, that *Philaster* gave

PHILASTER.

His right unto a Scepter : and a Crown,
To save a Ladies longing. *Are.* Nay then hear?

I must, and will have them and more. *Phi.* What more?

Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared,
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal,

Phi. Madam, what more? *Are.* Turn then away thy face?

Phi. No. *Are.* Do.

Phi. I cannot endure it : turn away my face ?

I never yet saw enemy that look't

So dreadfully, but that I thought my self

As great a Basiliske as hee ; or spake

So horribly, but that I thought my tongue

Bore thunder underneath, as much as his :

Nor beast that I could turn from : shall I then

Begin to fear sweet sounds ? a Ladies voyce,

Whom I do love ? Say you would have my life,

Why, I will give it you ; for it is of me,

A thing so leath'd, and unto you that ask,

Of so poor use, that I shall make unprice,

If you intreat, I will unmov'dly hear.

Are. Yet for my sake a little bend thy looks. *Phi.* I do.

Are. Then know I must have them, and thee. *Phi.* And mee?

Are. The love : without which, all the Land

Discovered yet, will serve me for no use,

But to be buried in. *Phi.* Is't possible?

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow

On they : Now, though thy breath doth strike me dead

(Which know it may) I have unript my brest.

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,

To lay a train for this contemned life,

Which you may have for asking : to suspect

Were base, where I deserve no ill : love you,

By all my hopes I do, above my life :

But how this passion should proceed from you

So violently, would amaze a man, that would be jealous.

Are. Another soul into my body shot,

Could not have fil'd me with more strength and spirit,

Then this thy breath : but spend not hasty time,

In seeking how I came thus : 'tis the gods.

The gods, that make me so ; and sure our love

P H I L A S T E R.

Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
 In that the secret justice of the gods
 Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kiss,
 Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
 And we should part without it. *Phi.* 'Twill be ill.
 I should abide here long. *Are.* 'Tis true: and worse,
 You should come often: How shall we devise
 To hold intelligence? That our true loves,
 On any new occasion may agree; What path is best to tread?

Phi. I have a Boy, sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
 Not yet seen in the Court, Hunting the Buck,
 I found him sitting by a fountains side,
 Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
 And paid the Nymph again as much in tears;
 A Garland lay him by, made by himself,
 Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
 Stuck in that mystick order, that the rareness
 Delighted me: but ever when he turned
 His tender eyes upon 'um, he would weep,
 As if he meant to make 'um grow again,
 Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
 Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;
 He told me that this parents gentle dyed,
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
 Which gave him roots; and of the christal springs,
 Which did not stop their courses; and the Sun,
 Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light,
 Then took he up his Garland, and did shew,
 What every flower as Countrey people hold,
 Did signifie: and how all ordered thus,
 Exprest his grief: and to my thoughts did read
 The pretiest lecture of his Countrey Art,
 That could be wisht: so that, me thought, I could
 Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
 Who was glad to follow; and have got,
 The truest, lovingst, and the gentle boy,
 That ever master kept: Him will I send
 To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well, no more.

La.

PHILASTER.

La. Madam, the Prince is come to do his service.

Are. What will you do *Philaster* with your self?

Phi. Why, that which all the gods have appointed out for me.

Are. Dear, hide thy self: Bring in the Prince.

Phi. Hide me from *Pharamond*?

When thunder speaks, which is the voice of *Jove*,

Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;

And shall a stranger Prince have leave to brag

Unto a forraign Nation, that he made *Philaster* hide himself?

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the world,
It is a simple sin to hide my self,

Which will for ever on my conscience lye.

Are. Then good *Philaster* give him scope and way

In what he says: for he is apt to speak

What you are loath to hear: for my sake do. *Phi.* I will

Enter *Pharamond*.

Pha. My princely Mistress, as true lovers ought,

I come to kiss these fair hands; and to shew

In outward ceremonies, the dear love

Writ in my heart. *Phi.* If I shall have an answer no directlier

I am gone. *Pha.* To what would he have an answer?

Are. To his claim unto the Kingdom.

Pha. Sirrah, I forbear you before the King.

Phi. Good sir, do so still, I would not talk with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter, do but offer

To make mention of right to any Kingdom

Though it be scarce habitable. *Phi.* Good sir let me go.

Pha. And by my sword. *Phi.* Peace *Pharamond*: if thou—

Are. Leave us *Philaster*. *Phi.* I have done.

Pha. You are gone: by heaven I'll fetch you back?

Phi. You shall not need. *Pha.* What now?

Phi. Know *Pharamond*

I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,

Who art nought but a valiant voice: But if

Thou shalt provoke me further: men shall say

Thou wert, and not lament it.

Pha. Do you slight

My greatness so, and in the chamber of the Princess?

Phi. It is a place, to which I must confess.

PHILASTER.

I owe a reverence : but wer't the Church ;
I at the Altar, ther's no place so safe,
Where thou darst injure me, but I dare kill thee :
And for your greatness ; know sir, I can grasp
You, and your greatness thus, thus into nothing :
Give not a word, not a word back : Farewel.

Exit. Phi.

Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow Madam, we must stop
His mouth with some office, when we are married.

Arc. You were best make him your controulor.

Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But Madam,
I hope our hearts are knit ; and yet so slow
The ceremonies of State are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be so : If then you please
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming for me, but take a little stolln
Delights, and so prevent our joyes to come.

Arc. If you dare speak such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honor.

Exit Arc.

Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out till
the wedding ; I must seek else-where.

Exit. Pha.

Actus 2. Scène 1.

Enter Philaster and Bellario.

Phi. **A**ND thou shalt finde her honorable boy ;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty ; and for my sake,
Apter to give, then thou wilt be to ask, I or deserve.

Bell. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing ;
And onely yet am something, by being yours ;
You trusted me unknown, and that which you were apt,
To conster, a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps, might have been craft ; the cunning of a boy
Hardned in lies and theft ; yet ventur'd you
To part my miseries and me ; For which,
I never can expect to serve a Lady,
That bears more honor in her breast then you.

Phi. But boy, it will prefer thee ; thou art young,
And bearest a childish overflowing love.

To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak thee fair yet,

But

PHILASTER.

But when thy judgement comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends,
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life ;
She is a princess I prefer thee to.

Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty, I remember,
My father would prefer the boyes he kept
To greater men then he, but did it not,
Till they were grown too sawcy for himself.

Phi. Why gentle boy, I finde no fault at all in thy behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth,
I shall be willing. if not, apt to learn,
Age and experience will adorn my minde,
With larger knowledge : And if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once ; what master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning ? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness if it be so,
Rather then turn me off, and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That (trust me) I could weep to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turn thee off ; thou knowest
It is my business that doth call thee hence,
And when thou art with her, thou dwel'st with me :
Think so, and 'tis so ; and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one : I will again
With joy receive thee ; as I live, I will ;
Nay, vweep not, gentle boy ; 'Tis more then time
Thou didst attend the Princess. *Bel.* I am gone ;
But since I am to part vvith you my Lord,
And none knoves vvwhether I shall live to do
More service for you ; take this little prayer ;
Heaven blefs your loves, your fights, all your designs,
May sick men, if they have your vvish be vvell :
And heaven hate those you curse, though I be one.

Exit.

Phi. The love of boyes unto their Lords is strange,

I have

PHILASTER.

I have read wonders of it, yet this boy
For my sake (if a man may judge by look
And speech) would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty.

Exit. Phi.

Enter Pharamond,

Pha. Why should these Ladies stay so long? They must come this way; I know the Queen employs 'um not, for the reverend mother sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should al prove honest now, I were in a fair raking; I was never so long without sport in my life, & in my conscience tis not my fault Oh, for our country Ladies. Heer's on boulted, I'll bound at her

Enter Galatea.

Gal. Your grace.

Pha. Shall I not be a trouble? *Gal.* Not to me sir.

Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick; by this sweet hand.

Gal. You'll be forsworn sir, 'tis but an old glove. If you will talk at distance, I am for you: but good Prince be not bawdy nor do not brag; these two I bar. and then I think I shall have sence enough to answer all the weighty *Apothegms* your royal blood shall manage.

Pha. Dear Lady can you love?

Gal. Dear Prince how dear? I ne're cost you a Coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet; Here's no Scarlet sir, to blush the sin out, it was given for: This wyer mine own hair covers: and this face has been so farre from being dear to any, that it ne're cost a peny painting: And for the rest of my poor Wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it, to make the jealous Mercers wife curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me Lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so; would you, or I could help it.

Pha. Do Ladies of this Countrey use to give no more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full Being? I understand you not, unless your grace means growing to farness, and then your onely remedy (upon my knowledge Prince) is in a morning a cup of neat White-wine, brew'd with *Carduus*, then fast till supper, about eight you may eat; use exercise, and keep a Sparrow hawk, you can shoot in a Tiller; But of all, your Grace must flie *Phlebotomy*, fresh Pork, Conger and clarified whay; They are all dullers of the vital spirits.

Pha. Lady you talk of nothing, all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true sir, I talk of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench, I like her wit well, 'twill be rare to
sir

PHILASTER.

stir up a leaden appetite, she's a *Danae*, and must be courted in a shower of gold. Madam, look here, all these, and more, then—

Gal. What have you there, my Lord? gold? Now, as I live 'tis fair gold; you would have silver for it to play with the Pages; you could not have taken me in a worse time. But if you have present use my Lord, I'll send my man with silver, and keep your gold for you.

Pha. Lady, Lady.

Gal. She's coming sir behind, will take white money. Yet for all this I'll match ye.

Exit Gal. behind the hangings.

Pha. If there be but two such more in this Kingdom, & near the Court, we may even hang up our harps: ten such *Camphier* constitutions as this, would call the golden age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill fate husband to get his own children, and what a mischief that will breed, let all consider.

Enter Megra.

Here's another: if she be of the same last, the devil shall pluck her on. Many fair mornings, Lady.

Meg. As many mornings bring as many days,
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your Grace.

Pha. She gives good words yet; Sure this wench is free;
If your more serious business do not call you,
Let me hold quarter with you, we'll talk an hour
Out quickly. *Meg.* What would your grace talk of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as your self.
I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;
There's theme enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,
Smooth young enough, ripe enough, red enough,
Or my glass wrongs me.

Pha. O they are two twin'd cherries died in blushes,
Which those fair suns above, with their bright beams
Reflect upon, and ripen: sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste,
Of the faint looker on, may meet those blessings,
And taste and live. *Meg.* O delicate sweet Prince; I
She that hath snow enough about her heart,
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,
May be a Nun without probation.

Sir, you have in such neat poetry, gathered a kiss,
That if I had but five lines of that number,

PHILASTER.

Such pretty begging blankes : I should commend
Your forehead, or your cheeks, and kiss you too.

Pha. Do it in prose ; you cannot miss it Madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall. *Pha.* By my life, you shall not
I'll prompt you first : Can you do it now ?

Meg. Me thinks 'tis easie, now I ha don't before ;
But yet I should stick at it. *Pha.* Stick till to morrow,
I'll ne're part you sweetest. But we lose time ;
Can you love me ?

Meg. Love you my Lord? How would you have me love you ?

Pha. I'll teach you in a short sentence , cause I will not load
your memory, this is all : love me, and lye with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you that you said ? 'Tis impossible:

Pha. Not to a willing minde, that will endeavour; If I do not
teach you to do it as easly in one night, as you'l go to bed : I'll
lose my royal blood for't.

Meg. Why Prince , you have a Lady of your own, that yet
wants teaching.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a Mare the old measures, then teach her
any thing belonging to the function ; she's afraid to lye with
her self, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her ;
I know when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By my honor , that's a foule fault indeed, but time
and your good help will wear it out sir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest
Lady, I had rather be sir *Tim* the School-master, and leap a dayry
Maid. *Meg.* Has your Grace seen the Court-star *Galatea* ?

Pha. Out upon her; she's as cold of her favour as an apoplex;
she saild by but now. *Meg.* And how do you hold her wit sir ?

Pbi. I hold her wit? The strength of all the Guard cannot hold
it, if they were tied to it, she would blow 'um out'of the Kingdom
they talk of *Jupiter*, he's but a squib-cracker to her : Look well
about you, and you may find a tongue bolt. But speak sweet Lady,
shall I be freely welcome ? *Meg.* Whither ?

Pha. To your bed; if you mistrust my faith, you do me the un-
noblest wrong. *Meg.* I dare not prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal 'um, and
what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal :
give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come,
I know you are bashful, speak in my ear, will you be mine? keep
this,

P H I L A S T E R.

this, and with it me; soon I will visit you.

Meg. My Lord, my chamber's most unsafe, but when 'tis night I'll find some means to slip into your lodging: till when—

Pha. Til when, this, & my heart go with thee *Ex. several ways.*

Enter Galatea from behind the hangings.

Gal. Oh thou pernicious petticoat Prince; are these your virtues? well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman; and Lady Towssabel I'll fit you for't. *Exit, Gal.*

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Are. Where's the boy? *La.* Within Madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him cloathes?

La. I did. *Are.* And has he don't?

La. Yes Madam. *Are.* 'Tis a pretty sad talking boy, is it not? Asked you his name? *La.* No Madam. *Enter Galatea.*

Are. O you are welcome, what good news?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your Grace, That says she has done that you would have wish'd

Are. Hast thou discovered?

Gal. I have strained a point of modesty for you.

Are. I prethee how?

Gal. In listning after bawdery; I see, let a Lady live never so modestly, we shall be sure to finde a lawful time, to harken after bawdery; your Prince, brave *Pharamond*, was so hot on't.

Are. With whom?

Gal. Why, with the Lady I suspect: I can tel the time and place

Are. O when, and where? *Gal.* To night, his Lodging.

Are. Run thy self into the presence, mingle there again

With other Ladies, leave the rest to me:

If Destiny (to whom we dare not say,

Why thou didst this) have not decreed it so,

In lasting leaves (whose smallest Characters

Was never altered;) yet, this match shall break.

Wher's the boy? *La.* Here Madam. *Enter Bellario.*

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service, ist not so?

Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait on you,

To do him service. *Are.* Thou disclaim'st in me;

Tell me thy name. *Bel.* *Bellarion.*

Are. Thou canst sing, and Play?

Bel. If grief will give me leave. Madam, I can.

Are. Alas, what kind of grief can thy years know?

PHILASTER.

Hadst thou a curst master, when thou wentest to school ?
 Thou art not capable of other grief;
 Thy browes and cheekes are smooth as waters be,
 When no breath trouble them : believe me boy,
 Care seeks out wrinkled browes; and hol'ow eyes,
 And builds himself caves to abide in them,
 Come sir, tell me truly, does your Lord love me ?

Bel. Love Madam ? I know not what it is.

Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?
 Thou art deceiv'd boy ; does he speak of me.

As if he wish'd me well ? *Bel.* If it be love,

To forget all respect of his own friends,

In thinking of your face ; if it be love

To sit cross arm'd and sigh away the day,

Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud

And hastily, as men i'th' streets do fire :

If it be love to weep himself away,

When he but hears of any Lady dead,

Or kill'd because it might have been your chance,

If when he goes to rest (which will not be)

Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once

As others drop a bead , be to be in love ;

Then Madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. O y'are a cunning boy, and taught to lie,

For your Lords credit ; but thou knowest, a lie

That bears this sound, is welcomer to me,

Then any truth that says he loves me not.

Lead the way boy : Do you attend me too ;

'Tis thy Lords business hastes me thus ; Away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thrafi'ine, Megra, Galated.

Di. Come Ladies, shall we talk a round ? As men

Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour

After supper : 'Tis their exercise. *Gal.* 'Tis late.

Meg. 'Tis all,

My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.

Gal. I fear they are so heavy, you'll scarce finde

The way to your lodging with 'um to night.

Enter Pharamond.

Tra. The Prince.

Pha. Not a bed Ladies, y'are good sitters up ;

What

PHILASTER.

What think you of a pleasant dream to last
Till morning?

Meg. I should choose my Lord a pleasing wake before it.

Enter Arethusa and Bellario.

Are. 'Tis well my Lord; y'are courting of Ladies,
Is not late Gentlemen? *Cle.* Yes Madam.

Are. Wait you there,

Exit Arethusa.

Meg. She's jealous, as I live; look you my Lord,
The Princess has a *Hylas* an *Adonis*. *Pha.* His form is Angel-like.

Meg. Why this is he, must, when you are wed
Sit by your pillow, like young *Apollo*, with
His hand and voice binding your thoughts in sleep;
The Princess does provide him for you, and for her self.

Pha. I finde no musique in these boyes. *Meg.* Nor I:
They can do little, and that small they do,
They have not wit to hide. *Di.* Serves he the Princess?

Tra. Yes. *Di.* 'Tis a sweet boy, how brave she keeps him?

Pha. Ladies all good rest; I mean to kill a Buck
To morrow morning, ere y'ave done your dreames.

Meg. All happiness attend your Grace, Gentlemen good rest,
Come shall we to bed? *Gal.* Yes, all good night. *Exit, Gal, Meg,*

Di. May your dreams be true to you;
What shall we do Gallants 'tis late, the King
Is up still, see he comes, a Guard along
With him. *Enter King, Arethusa, and Guard:*

K. Look your intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my life it is: and I do hope,
Your highness will not tye me to a man,
That in the heat of woiing throws me off,
And takes another. *Di.* What should this mean?

K. If it be true,
That Lady had been better have embrac'd
Cureless diseases; get you to your rest,
You shall be righted: Gentlemen draw neer,
We shall imploy you; Is young *Pharamond*
Come to his lodging? *Di.* I saw him enter there.

Ex. Are. Bel.

K. Haite some of you, and cunningly discover,
If *Negrabe* in her lodging. *Cle.* Sir,
She parted hence but now with other Ladies.

K. If she be there, we shall not need to make

PHILASTER.

A vain discovery of our inspition,
 You gods I see, that who unrighteously
 Holds wealth or state from others, shall be curst,
 In that, which meaner men are blest withal :
 Ages to come shall know no male of him
 Left to inherit, and his name shall be
 Blotted from earth ; If he have any child,
 It shall be crossely match'd : the gods themselves
 Shall sow wild strife between her Lord and her.
 Yet, if it be your will, forgive the sin
 I have committed, let it not fall
 Upon this understanding child of mine
 She has not broke your Lawes ; but how can I,
 Look to be heard of gods, that must be just,
 Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong ?

Enter *Dion.*

Di. Sir I have asked, and her women swear she is within, but they I think are bawdes ; I told 'um I must speak with her : they laught, and said their Lady lay speechless. I said, my business was important, they said their Lady was about it : I grew hot, and cryed my business was a matter, that concern'd life and death ; they answered, so was sleeping, at which their Lady was ; I arg'd again, she had scarce time to be so, since last I saw her ; they smil'd again, and seem'd to instruct me, that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking ; Answers more direct I could not get : in short sir, I think she is not there.

K. 'Tis then not time to dally : you o'th Guard]
 Wait at the back door of the Princes lodging,
 And see that none pass thence upon your lives.
 Knock Gentlemen : knock loud : lowder yet :
 What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing ?
 I'll break your meditations ; knock again :
 Not yet ? I do not think he sleeps ; having this
 Larum by him ; once more, *Pharamond*, Prince.

Pharamond above.

Pha. What sawcy groom knocks at this dead of night ?
 Where be our waiters ? By my vexed soul,
 He meets his death, that meets me for this boldness.

K. Prince you vwrong your thoughts, vve are your friends,
 Come down. *Pha.* The King ? *K.* The same sir, come down,

We

PHILASTER.

We have cause of present counsel with you.

Pha. If your Grace please to use me, I'll attend you
To your Chamber.

Pha. below.

K. No, 'tis too late Prince, I'll make bold with yours.

Pha. I have some private reasons to my self,
Makes me unmannerly, and say you cannot;
Nay press not forward Gentleman, he must come
Through my life, that comes here.

Enter.

K. Sir, be resolv'd, I must and will come;

Pha. I will not be dishonor'd;

He that enters, enters upon his death:

Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,

To bring these Renegados to my chamber,

At these unseason'd hours.

K. Why do you

Chafe your self so? you are not wrong'd, nor shall be;

Onely I'll search your Lodging, for some cause

To our self known: Enter I say.

Pha. I say no.

Meg. above

Meg. Let 'um enter Prince,

Let 'um enter, I am up, and ready; I know their business,

'Tis the poor breaking of a Ladies honor,

They hunt so hotly after; let 'um enjoy it,

You have your business Gentlemen, I lay here.

O my Lord the King, this is not noble in you,

To make publick the weakness of a woman.

K. Come down.

Meg. I dare my Lord; your whootings and your clamors,

Your private whispers, and your broad fleerings,

Can no more vex my soul, then this base carriage,

But I have vengeance yet in store for some,

Shall in the most contempt you can have of me,

Be joy and nourishment.

K. Will you come down?

Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst: but I shall wrong you,
If my skill fail me not.

K. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness,

You have wrong'd a worthy Lady: but no more,

Condu&t him to my lodging, and to bed:

Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed indeed

Di. 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a Stag

Or two, to breath himself without a warrant;

If this geer hold, that Lodgings be search'd thus,

Pray heaven we may lie with our own wives in safety,

That

PHILASTER.

That they be not by some trick of State mistaken.

Enter with *Megara*

K. Now Lady of honor, where's your honor now?
 No man can fit your palat, but the Prince,
 Thou most ill shrowded rottenness; thou piece
 Made by a Painter and a Potheccary;
 Thou troubled sea of lust; thou wilderness,
 Inhabited by wild thoughts; thou swoon cloud
 Of Infection; thou ripe Mine of all diseases;
 Thou all sin, all hell, and last, all Devils, tell me,
 Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,
 But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter.
 By all the gods, all these, and all the Pages,
 And all the Court shall hoot thee through the Court,
 Fling rotten Oranges, make ribald rimes,
 And seare thy name with candles upon wals:
 Do you laugh Lady *Venus*?

Meg. Faith sir, you must pardon me;
 I cannot chuse but laugh to see you merry
 If you do this, O King; nay, if you dare do it;
 By all those gods you swore by, and as many
 More of my own; I will have fellows, and such
 Fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth;
 The Princess your dear daughter shall stand by me
 On wals, and sung in ballads, any thing:
 Urge me no more, I know her and her haunts,
 Her laies, leaps, and out-laies, and will discover all;
 Nay will dishonor her. I know the boy
 She keeps, a handsome boy: about eighteen:
 Know what she does with him, where, and when.
 Come sir, you put me to a womans madness,
 The glory of a fury; and if I do not
 Do it to the hight?

K. What boy is this she raves at?

Meg. Alas, good minded prince, you know not these things; I
 Am loth to reveal 'um. Keep this fault
 As you would keep your health from the hot air
 Of the corrupted people, or by heaven,
 I will not fall alone: what I have known,
 Shall be as publique as a print: all tongues

Shall

PHILASTER.

Shall speak it as they do the language they
Are born in, as free and commonly ; I'll set it
Like a prodigious star for all to gaze at,
And so high and glowing , that other Kingdoms far and forraign
Shall read it there : nay travail with it, till they finde
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people ;
And then behold the fall of your fair Princess. *K.* Has she a boy?

Cle. So please your Grace I have seen a boy waite
On her, a fair boy. *K.* Go, get you to your quarter :
For this time I'll study to forget you.

Meg. Do you study to forge tme, and I'll study
To forget you. *Ex. K. Meg. Guard.*

Cle. Why here's a male spi it for *Hercules*, if ever there be
nine worthies of women, this wench shall ride a stride, and be
their Captain.

Di. Sure she has a garrison of Devils in her tongue, she uttered
such bals of wild fire. She has so netled the King, that all the
Doctors in the countrey wil scarce cure him. That boy was a
strange found out antidote to cure her infection : that boy, that
Princess boy : that brave, chaste, vertuous Ladies boy : and a fair
Boy, a well spoken boy : All these considered, can make nothing
else—but there I leave you Gentlemen.

Tra. Nay, weel go wander with you. *Exeunt.*

Actus 3. Scene 1.

Enter Cle. Di. Tra.

Cle. **N**ay, doubtless 'tis true. *Di.* I, and 'tis the gods
That rais'd this punishment to scourge the King

With his own issue : Is it not a shame
For us, that should write noble in the land ;

For us, that should be free men, to behold
A man, that is the bravery of his age,

Philaster : prest down from his royal right,
By this regardless King ; and onely look,

And see the Scepter ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious Lady,

That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be
Married to you strange Prince, who, but that people
Please to let him be a Prince, is born a slave,

PHILASTER.

In that which should be his most noble part :
His minde. *Tra.* That man that should not stir with you,
To aid *Philaster* let the gods forget,
That such a creature wakcs upon the earth.

Cle. *Philaster* is too backward in't himself;
The Gentry do await it ; and the people
Against their nature are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corn, that's mov'd
With a stiff gale ; their heads bow all one way.

Di. The onely cause that draws *Philaster* back
From this attempt, is the fair Princes love,
Which he admires and we can now confute.

Tra. Perhaps he'l not believe it.

Di. Why Gentlemen, 'tis without question so.

Cle. I 'tis past speech the lives dishonestly,
But how shall we, if he be curious, work
Upon his faith. *Tra.* We all are satisfied within our selves.

Di. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge,
I'll say I know it, nay, I'll swear I saw it.

Cle. It will be best. *Tra.* 'Twill move him. Enter *Philast.*

Di. Here he comes. Good morrow to your honor,
We have spent some time in seeking you. *Phi.* My worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown,
On men disgrac'd for vertue : A good day
Attend you all. What service may I do worthy your acceptance?

Di. My good Lord.

We come to urge that vertue which we know
Lives in your breast, forth, rise, and make a head,
The Nobles, and the people are all duld
With this usurping King ; and not a man
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As vertue, but will second your attempts.

Phi. How honorable is thy love in you,
To me that have deserv'd none ? Know, my friends
(You that were born to shame your poor *Philaster*,
With too much courtesie) I could afford
To melt my self in thanks ; but my designs
Are not yet ripe, suffice it, that ere long

I shall

PHILASTER.

I shall employ your loves: but yet the time is short of what I would.

Di. The time is fuller sir, than you expect;
That which hereafter will not perhaps be reach'd
By violence, may now be caught: As for the King,
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the Princess, whom they lov'd. *Phi.* Why, what of her?

Di. Is loath'd as much as he. *Phi.* By what strange means?

Di. She's known a whore. *Phi.* Thou lyest

Di. My Lord—*Phi.* Thou lyest. *Offers to draw & is held.*
And thou shalt feel it; I had thought thy mind
Had been of honor; thus to rob a Lady
Of her good name, is an infectious sin,
Not to be pardon'd; be it false as hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be so near
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falsehood, whilst it springs:
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
Like thunder from a cloud. *Di.* This is most strange;
Sure he does love her. *Phi.* I do love fair truth;
She is my mistress, and who injures her,
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.

Tra. Nay, good my Lord be patient.

Cle. Sir, remember this is your honor'd friend,
That comes to do his service, and will shew you
Why he utter'd this. *Phi.* I ask you pardon sir.
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:
Should I have heard dishonor spoke of you,
Behind your back untruly, I had been
As much distemper'd, and enrag'd as now.

Di. But this my Lord is truth.

Phi. O say not so, good sir forbear to say so,
'Tis the truth that all woman-kind is false;
Urge it no more, it is impossible;
Why should you think the Princess light?

Di. Why, she was taken at it.

Phi. 'Tis false, O heaven 'tis false; it cannot be,
Can it? Speak Gentlemen, for love of truth speak;

PHILASTER.

Is't possible? Can women all be damn'd? *Di.* Why no, my Lord.

Phi. Why then it cannot be. *Di.* And she was taken with her boy.

Phi. What boy? *Di.* A Page, a boy that serves her.

Phi. Oh good gods, a little boy? *Di.* I know you him my Lord?

Phi. Hell and sin, know him? *Di.* sir, you are deceiv'd;

I'll reason it a little coldly with you;

If she were lustful, would she take a boy,

That knowes not yet desire? She would have one

Should meet her thoughts, and knowes the sin he acts,

Which is the great delight of wickedness;

You are abus'd, and so is she, and I. *Di.* How you, my Lord?

Phi. Why all the world's abus'd,

In an unjust report. *Di.* Oh, noble sir, your virtues

Cannot look into the subtil thoughts of woman.

In short my Lord, I took them: I my self.

Phi. Now all the devils thou didst, flee from my rage,

Would thou hadst tane devils ingendring plagues,

When thou didst take them; hide thee from my eyes,

Would thou hadst taken Thunder on thy breast,

When thou didst take them, or been stricken dumb

For ever: that this foul deed might have slept in silence.

Tra. Have you known him so ill temper'd? *Cle.* Never before.

Phi. The winds that are let loose,

From the four several corners of the earth,

And spread themselves all over sea and land,

Kiss not a chaste one. What friends bears a sword

To run me through?

Di. Why, my Lord, are you so mov'd at this?

Phi. When any falls from vertue I am distract,
I have an interest in't.

Di. But good my Lord recal your self,
And think what's best to be done.

Phi. I thank you, I will do it;

Please you to leave me, I'll consider of it:

To morrow I will finde your lodging forth,

And give you answer

The readiest way. *Di.* All the gods direct you.

Tra. He was extream impatient.

Cle. It was his vertue and his noble minde.

Exit Di. Cle. Tra.

Phi.

PHILASTER.

Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them,
 I'll follow him. O that I had a sea
 Within my brest, to quench the fire I feel;
 More circumstances will but fan this fire;
 It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
 This deed is done, then simply that 'tis done:
 And he that tels me this is honorable,
 As far from lies, as she is far from truth.
 O that like beasts, we could not grieve our selves,
 With that we see not; Bulls and Rams will fight,
 To keep their females, standing in their sight;
 But take 'um from them, and you take at once
 Their spleenes away; and they will fall again
 Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat,
 And taste the waters of the spring as sweet,
 As 'twas before; finding no start in sleep.
 But miserable man; See, see you gods,
 He walkes still; and the face you let him wear
 When he was innocent, is still the same,
 Not blasted; is this justice? Do you mean
 To intrap mortality, that you allow
 Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
 Think he is guilty. *Bel.* Health to you my Lord,
 The Princess doth commend her love, her life,
 And this unto you. *Phi.* Oh *Bellarion*,
 Now I percieve she loves me, she does shew it.
 In loving thee me boy, she has made thee brave.

Bel. My Lord, she has attir'd me past my wish,
 Past my desert, more fit for her attendant,
 Though far unfit for me, who do attend.

Phi. Thou art grown courtly boy, Oh let all women
 That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
 Here, by this paper, she does write to me,
 As if her heart were mines of adamant
 To all the world besides, but unto me,
 A maiden snow that melted with my looks,
 Tell me my boy how doth the Princess use thee?
 For I shall guess her love to me by that.

Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
 Something allied to her; Or had preserv'd

Her

PHILASTER.

Her life three times by my fidelity,
As mothers fond do use their onely sons ;
As I'de use one, that's left unto my trust,
For whom my life should pay, if he met harm,
So she does use me. *Phi.* Why, this is wondrous well ;
But what kind language does she feed thee with ?

Bel. Why she does tell me, she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets ; and does call me
Her pretty servant, bids me weep no more
For leaving you : she'll see my services
Regarded ; and such words of that soft strain,
That I am neerer weeping when she ends
Then ere she spake. *Phi.* This is much better still.

Bel. Are you not ill my Lord ?

Phi. Ill ? No *Bellarion*.

Bel. Me thinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness,
That I was wont to see : *Phi.* Thou art deceiv'd boy :
And she strokes thy head ? *Bel.* Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks ?

Bel. She does my Lord.

Phi. And she does kiss thee boy ? Ha ; *Bel.* How my Lord ?

Phi. She kisses thee ? *Bel.* Not so my Lord.

Phi. Come, come, I know she does. *Bel.* No, by my life.

Phi. Why then she does not love me ; come, she does,
I bad her do it ; I charg'd her by all charmes
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights
Naked, as to her bed : I took her oath
Thou should'st enjoy her : Tell me gentle boy,
Is she not paralelels ? Is not her breath
Sweet as *Arabian* winds, when fruits are ripe ?
Are not her breasts two liquid Ivory balls ?
Is she not all, a lasting Mine of joy ?

Bel. I, now I see, why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplext, when first I went to her
My heart held augury ; you are abus'd,
Some vallain has abus'd you, I do see
Whereto you tend ; fall rocks upon his head,

P H I L A S T E R.

That put this to you : 'tis some subtle train,
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

Phi Thou think'st I will be angry with thee; Come,
Thou shalt know all my drift, I hate her more,
Then I love happiness, and plac'd thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds;
Hast thou discover'd; Is she fain to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.

Bel. My Lord, you did mistake the boy you sent;
Had she the lust of Sparrowes, or of Goates;
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires; but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveale, to make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh my heart; this is a salve worse then the main disease.
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwels within thee, or wil rip thy heart
To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plain,
As I do now thy face. *Bel.* Why so you do.
She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as Ice; but were she foul as hell
And I did know it, thus; the breath of Kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls or Brasse,
Should draw it from me. *Phi* Then 'tis no time to dally with thee,
I will take thy life, for I do hate thee; I could curse thee now

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse;
The gods have not a punishment in store,
Greater for me, then is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie, so young and so dissembling
Tell me when and where thou dost enjoy her,
Or let plagues fall on me, if I destroy thee not.

Bel. Heaven knowes I never did; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd.
Hew me asunder and whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away,
Better then those that grow: and kiss those limbes,
Because you made 'um so. *Phi.* Fearest thou not death?
Can boys contemne that? *Bel.* Oh, what boy is he,
Can be content to live to be a man
That sees the best of men thus passionate, thus without reason?

Phi.

PHILASTER.

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know what 'tis to die.

Bel. Yes, I do know my Lord ;

'Tis less then to be born ; a lasting sleep,

A quiet resting from all jealousie ;

A thing we all pursue ; I know besides,

It is but giving over of a game, that must be lost.

Phi. But there are paines, false boy,

For perjur'd soules ; think but on these, and then

Thy heart wil melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,

If I be perjur'd or have ever thought

Of that you charge me with ; if I be false,

Send me to suffer in those punishments you speak of ; kill me.

Phi. Oh, what should I do ?

Why, who can but believe him ? He does swear

So earnestly that if it were not true,

The gods would not endure him. Rise *Belario*.

Thy protestations are so deep ; and thou

Dost look so truly, when thou utterest them,

That though I know 'um false, as were my hopes,

I cannot urge thee further ; but thou wert

To blame to injure me, for I must love

Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon

Thy tender youth ; A love from me to thee

Is firme, what ere thou dost : it troubles me

That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,

That did so wel become thee : But good boy

Let me not see thee more ; something is done,

That will distract me, that will make me mad,

If I behol'd thee : if thou tender'st me,

Let me not see thee. *Bel.* I will flie as far

As there is morning, ere I give distaste

To that most honor'd minde. But through these tears

Shed at my hopeles parting, I can see

A world of treason practis'd upon you,

And her, and me. Farewel for evermore ;

If you shall hear, that sorrow struck me dead,

And after finde me loyal, let there be

A tear shed from you in my memory,

And I shall rest at peace.

Exit Bel.

Phi.

PHILASTER.

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
What ever thou deserv'd. Oh, where shall I
Go bath this body? Nature too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind. *Ex. Phi.*

Enter *Arethusa*.

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again;
But that I know my love will question him,
Over and over; how I slept wak'd talk'd;
How I remembred him when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd; wept sung,
And ten thousand such: I should be angry at his stay.

Enter *King*.

K. What of your meditations? who attends you?

Are. None but my single self, I need no guard;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.

K. Tell me: have you not a boy? *Are.* Yes sir.

K. What kind of boy? *Are.* A Page, a waiting boy.

K. A handsome boy? *Are.* I think he be not ugly;
Well qualified and dutiful, I know him,
I took him not for beauty. *K.* He speaks, and sings, and plays?

Are. Yes sir. *K.* About eighteen?

Are. I never ask'd his age. *K.* Is he full of service?

Are. By your pardon, why do you ask? *K.* Put him away.

Are. Sir, *K.* put him away, has done you that good service
Shames me to speak off. *Are.* Good sir let me understand you.

K. If you fear me, shew it in duty; put away that boy.

Are. Let me have reason for it sir, and then
Your will is my command.

K. Do not your blush to ask it? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. You are one
Shame with me, and so near unto my self,
That by my life, I dare not tell my self,
What you, my self have done. *Are.* What have I done my Lord?

K. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn,
The common people speak it well already,
They need no Grammar; understand me well,
They be foul whispers stirring; cast him off,
And suddenly; do it: Farewel. *Exit King.*

Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honor safe? Not with the living,

P H I L A S T E R.

They feed upon opinions, errors, dreames,
And make 'um truths ; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces,
And when they see a vertue fortified,
Strongly above the battry of their tongues ;
Oh, how they cast to sink it ; and defeated
(Soul sick with poyson) strike the Monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping : till they sweat
And the cold Marble melt.

Enter *Philaster*.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest *Mistress*.

Are. Oh my dearest servant, I have a war within me.

Phi. He must be more then man, that makes these Christa/s
Run into rivers ; sweetest fair, the cause ?
And as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,
Your creature made again from what I was,
And newly spirited ; He right your honor.

Are. Oh, my best love ; that boy ! *Phi.* What boy ?

Are. The pretty boy you gave me. *Phi.* What of him ?

Are. Must be no more mine. *Phi.* Why ?

Are. They are jealous of him. *Phi.* Jealous, who ?

Are. The King. *Phi.* Oh my fortune,

Then 'tis no idle jealousie. Let me go.

Are. Oh cruel, are you hard hearted too ?

Who shall now tell you, how much I loved you ;

Who shall swear it to you, and weep the tears I send ?

Who shall now bring you lette s, rings, bracelets,

Lose his hea'th in service ? Wake tedious nights

In stories of your praise ? Who shall sing

Your crying Elegies ? And strike a sad soul

Into senseless pictures, and make them mourn ?

Who shall take up his Lute, and touch it, till

He crown a silent sleep upon my eye lid,

Making me dream and cry, Oh my dear, dear *Philaster*

Phi. Oh my heart ?

Would he had broken thee, that made thee know

This Lady was not loyal, *Mistress*, forget

The boy, I'll get thee a far better

Are. Oh never, never such a boy again, as my *Bellario*.

Bel. 'Tis but your fond affection.

Are.

P H I L A S T E R.

Are. With thee my boy, farewell for ever,
All secrecy in servants: farewell faith,
And all desire to do well for it self:
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,
Sell, and betray chaste love.

Phi. And all this passion for a boy?

Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.

Phi. O thou forgetful woman. *Are.* How, my Lord?

Phi. False *Arethusa*!

Hast thou medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk, and do thus.

Are. Do what sir? would you sleep?

Phi. For ever *Arethusa*, Oh you gods,
Give me a worthy patience: Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless, and mighty,
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
And laugh'd upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant King, that languishing
Hears his sad bell, and fees his mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely? And must sink at length
Under a womans falshood? Oh that boy,
That cursed boy? None but a villain boy, to ease your lust?

Are. Nay, then I am betray'd,
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow; Oh I am wretched,

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom; give it to your joy,
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never woman kind durst set her foot,
For bursting with her poysons, must I seek,
And live to curse you;
There dig a Cave, and preach to birds and beasts,
What woman is, and help to save them from you.
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts,
More hell then hell has; how your tongues like Scorpions,
Both heal and poyson; how your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtil web,

PHILASTER.

And worn so by you. How that foolish man,
That reads the story of a womans face,
And dies believing it, is lost for ever.
How all the good you have, is but a shadow,
Ith morning with you, and at night behind you,
Past and forgotten. How your vows are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone.
How you are, being taken all together,
A meer confusion, and so dead a *Chaos*,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you;
So farewell all my woe, all my delight. *Exit. Phi.*

Are. Be merciful gods, and strike me dead;
What way have I deserv'd this? Make my brest
Transparent as pure Christal, that the world
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
To finde out constancy? Save me. how black, *Enter Bell.*
And guilty (me thinkes) that boy looks now?
Oh thou dissembler, that before thou spok'st
Wert in thy cradle false! sent to make lies,
And betray innocents; thy Lord and thou,
May glory in the ashes of a maid
Foold by her passion; but the conquest is,
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away,
Let my command force thee to that, which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone,
Why thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Least men should dig and finde thee. *Bell.* Oh what god.
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds? Madam this grief
You adde unto me is no more then drops
To Seas, for which they are not seen to swell;
My Lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joyes,
You need not bid me fly, I came to part,
To take my latest leave, Farewel for ever;
I durst not run away in honesty
From such a Lady, like a boy that stole,

PHILASTER.

Or made some grievous fault ; the power of gods
Assist you in your sufferings ; hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abused Lord,
And mine : That he may know your worth : whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten place to die. *Exit Bell.*

Are. Peace guide thee ; thast overthrown me once,
Yet if I had another *Troy* to lose,
Thou or another villain with thy lookes,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevel'd through the fiery streets ?

Enter a Lady.

La. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestness. *Are.* I am in tune to hunt.

Diana. if thou canst rage with a maid,
As with a man, let me discover thee
Beathing and turn me to a fearful Hinde,
That I may die pursued by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds.

Exeunt.

Actus 4. Scène 1.

*Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Gallatea, Megra, Dion,
Cleremond, Trasilin, and attendants.*

K. **W**Hat are the hounds before, and all the woodmen ?
Our horses ready, and our bowes bent. *Di.* All fir.

K. Y'are cloudy sir, come we have forgotten.
Your venial trespass, let not what sit heavy
Upon your spirit ; none dare utter it.

Di. He lookes like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull
as a Dormouse : see how he sinks ; the wench has shot him be-
tween winde and water, and I hope sprung a leak.

Tra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough ; his greatest
fault is, he hunts too much in the purlues, would he would leave
off poaching.

Di. And for his horn, has left it at the lodge where he lay late ;
Oh, he's a precious lime-hound ; turn him loose upon the pur-
suite of a Lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i'th slip. When my
Foxbitch Benty growes proud, I'll borrow him.

K. Is your boy turn'd away ?

Are.

PHILASTER.

Are. You did command sir, and I obeyed you.

K. 'Tis well done: Hark ye further.

Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? Me thinks that were not noble in him: and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick mans saive in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physical Justice or other, would presently (without the help of an Almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.

Di. See, see, how modestly yon Lady lookes, as if she came from Churching with her neighbor; why, what a devil can a man see in her face, but that she's honest?

Pha. Troth no great matter to speak of, but a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoiles her coat; but he must be a cunning Herald that findes it.

Di. See how they muster one another! O there's a rank regiment, where the Devil carries the Colours, and his Dam Drum-major. Now the world and the flesh come behind with the Carriage.

Cle. Sure this Lady has a good turn done her against her will: before she was common talk, now none dare say, Cantharides can stir her, Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this Lady meanes to let her self loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may use her body discreetly, for her healths sake, once a week, excepting Lent and Dog-daves: Oh if they were to be got for money, what a great sum would come out of they City for these licenses?

King. To horse, to horse, we lose the morning Gentlemen. *Ex.*

Enter two Woodmen.

1 Wood. What, have you lodged the Deer?

2 Wood. Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 Wood. Who shoots? *2 Wood.* The Princess.

1 Wood. No, shee'l hunt.

2 Wood. Shee'l take a stand I say:

1 Wood. Who else?

2 Wood. Why the yong stranger Prince:

1 Wood. He shall shoot in a stone-bow for me, I never lov'd his beyond Sea-ship, since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings he was there at the fall of Deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the Dowcers; marry the steward would have had the velvet head into the bargain, to turl his hat

withal: I think he should love venery, he is an old sir *Tristram*, for if you be remembred, he forsook the Stagge once, to strike a rascal milking in a medow, and her he kild in the eye. Who shoots else?
2 Wood. The Lady *Gallatea*.

1 Wood. That's a good wench, and she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberal, and by my Bow they say she's honest, and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all?
2 Wood. No, one more, *Megra*.

1 Wood. That's a firker I faith boy: There's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds, as a hunting saddle; and when she comes home, get 'um clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose her self three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable) and it has been work enough for one man to finde her, and he has sweat for it. She rides well and she payes well. Hark, let's go. *Exeunt.* Enter *Philaster*.

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourished in these woods
 With milk of Goats, and Akrons, and not known
 The right of Crowns, nor the dissembling trains
 Of womens looks; but dig'd my self a Cave
 Where I, my fire, my Cattel, and my bed,
 Might have been shut together in one shed;
 And then had taken me some mountain girle,
 Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardned rocks,
 Whereon she dwels; that might have strewed my bed
 With leaves and reeds, and with the skinnes of beasts
 Our neighbors; And have born at her big breasts
 My large course issue. This had been a life free from vexation

Enter Bellario.

Bell. Oh wicked men!
 An innocent may walk safe among beasts,
 Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd Lord,
 Sits as his soul were searching out a way,
 To leave his body. Pardon me that must
 Break thy last commandment; For I must speak;
 You that are griev'd can pittie; hear my Lord.

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
 That I can pittie?
Bell. Oh my noble Lord,
 View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
 According to your bounty (if my service
 Can merit nothing) so much as may serve

PHILASTER.

To keep that little piece I hold of life,
From cold and hunger. *Phi.* Is it thou? be gone:
Go sell those misbecoming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thy self with them.

Bel. Alas, my Lord, I can get nothing for them:
The silly Countrey people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things. *Phi.* Now by my life this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight;
Th'art fain again to they dissembling trade;
How should'st thou think to cozen me again
Remaines there yet a plague untride for me,
Even so thou wepst and spok'st when first
I took thee up; curse on the time. If thy
Commanding tears can work on any other,
Use thy art, ile not betray it. Which may
Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee;
For thine eyes are poyson to mine; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that way?

Bell. Any will serve, but I will chuse to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.

Exit Phi. Bel. severally.

Enter Dion and the Woodmen.

Di. This is the strangest sudden chance! You Woodman.

1 Wood. My Lord *Dion.*

Di. Saw you a Lady come this way, on a sable horse studded
with starres of white? *2 Wood.* Was she not young and tall?

Di. Yes; Rode she to the wood, or to the plain?

2 Wood. Faith my Lerd we saw none. *Exit Woodmen,*

Enter Cleremond.

Di. Pox of your questions then. What, is she found?

Cle. Nor will be I think

Di. Let him seek his daughter himself; she cannot stray about
a little necessary natural business, but the whole Court must be in
Arms; when she has done, we shall have peace.

Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us; some
say her horse ran away with her: some, a wolfe pursued her:
others, it was a plot to kill her; and that armed men were seen
in the Wood; but questionless, she rode away willingly.

Enter King and Trasiline.

K. Where is she? *Cle.* Sir, I cannot tell.

K. How

PHILASTER.

K. How is that ? Answer me so again. *Cle.* Sir, shall I lie ?

K. Yes, lie and damn, rather then tell me that : I would I might
I say again, where is she ? Mutter not ;
Sir, speak you where is she ? *Di.* Sir, I do not know.

K. Speak that again so boldly, and by heaven
It is thy last. You fellows, answer me ;
Where is she ? Mark me all, I am your King,
I wish to see my daughter, shew her me ;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To shew her me, what am I not your King ?
If I, then am I not to be obeyed ?

Di. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

K. Things possible an honest. Hear me, thou,
Thou traytor, that dar'st confine thy King to things
Possible and honest ; shew her me,
Or let me perish, If I cover not all *Cicily* with blood.

Di. Indeed I cannot, un'less you tell me where she is.

K. You have betray'd me, y'have let me lose
The Jewel of my life ; go, bring her me,
And set her here before me ; 'tis the King
Will have it so, whose breath can still the Winds,
Uncloud the Sun, charm down the swelling Sea,
And stop the fouds of heaven ; speak, can it not ? *Di.* No.

K. No ? Cannot the breath of Kings do this ?

Di. No, nor smell sweet it self, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted. K. Is it so ? Take heed.

Di. Sir, take you heed ; how you dare the powers
That must be just. K. Alas, what are we Kings ?
Why do you gods place us above the rest ;
To be serv'd flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder,
And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatnings.
I have sinn'd 'tis true, and here stand to be punish'd ;
Yet would not thus be punish'd, let me chuse
My way, and lay it on.

Di. He articles with the gods ; wou'd some body would draw
bonds, for the performance of covenants betwixt them.

Enter *Pha Gallatea, and Megra.*

K. What is she found ? *Pha.* No, we have tane her horse.

PHILASTER.

He gallopt empty by: there's some treason;
You *Gallatea* rode with her into the wood; why left you her?

Gal. She did command me. *K.* Command! you shall not.

Gal. 'T would ill become my fortunes, and my birth
To disobey the daughter of my King.

K. Y'are all cunning! to obey us for our hurt,
But I will have her. *Pha.* If I have her not,
By this hand there shall be no more *Cicilie*.

Di. What will he carry it to *Spain* in's pocket?

Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the King,
A Cook, and a Taylor.

Di. Yet you may do well to spare your Lady bedy-fellow, and
her you may keep for a Spawner.

K. I see the injuries I have done must be reveng'd.

Di. Sir, this is not the way to finde her out.

K. Run all, disperse your selves: the man that finds her,
Or (if she be kild) the traytor, I'll make him great.

Di. I know some would give five thousand pounds to finde her.

Pha. Come let us seek.

K. Each man a several way, here I my self.

Di. Come Gentlemen, we here.

Cle. Lady you must go search too.

Meg. I had rather be search'd my self. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Arcthusa.

Are. Where am I now? Feet, finde me out a way,

Without the counsel of my troubled head,

I'll follow you boldly about these woods,

O're mountaines, thorow brambles, pits, and foulds:

Heaven I hope will ease me, I am sick;

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Yonder's my Lady; Heaven knowes I want nothing,

Because I do not wish to live; yet I

Will try her charity. O hear, you that have plenty,

From that flowing store, drap some on dry ground, see;

The lively red is gone to guard her heart;

I fear she faints; Madam look up, she breaths not;

Open once more those rosie 'twins, and send

Unto my Lord, your latest farewell. I Oh, she stirres:

How is it Madam? Speak comfort.

Are. 'Tis not gently done,

PHILASTER.

To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there; I pray thee let me go,
I shall do best without thee; I am well. *Enter Philaster.*

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage,
I'll tell her coolly, when and where, I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.

Oh monstrous! Tempt me not you gods, good gods
Tempt not a fraile man, what's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here? *Bell.* My Lord, help, the Princess.

Are. I am well, forbear.

Phi. Let me love lightening, let me be embrac'd
And kist by Scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of Basilisks, rather then trust to tongues
And shrink these veines up, stick me here a stone
Lasting to ages in the memory
Of this damned act. Hear me you wicked ones.
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosomes; at your meales, and beds,
Despair await you; what, before my face?
Poyson of Asps between your lips; Diseases
Be your best issues; Nature makes a curse
And throw it on you. *Are.* Dear *Philaster*, leave

To be enrag'd, and hear me. *Phi.* I have done;
Forgive my passion, not the calmed sea,
When *Eolus* locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturb'd then I, I'll make you know it;
Dear *Arethusa*, do but take this sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you and this your boy, may live and raign
In lust without controul; Wilt thou *Bellario*?
I prethee kill me; thou art poor, and maist
Nourish ambitious thoughts when I am dead;
This way were freer; Am I raging now?
If I were mad I should desire to live;
Sirs, feel my pulse; whether have you known
A man in a more equal tune to die?

Bell. Alas my Lord, your pulse keeps madmans time,
So does your tongue. *Phi.* You will not kill me then?

PHILASTER.

Are. Kill you? *Bell.* Not for a world.

Phi. I blame not thee,

Bellaris; thou hast done but that, which gods

Would have transformed themselves to do; be gone,

Leave me without reply; this is the last

Of all our meeting Kill me with this sword;

Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two

Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do, or suffer.

Are. If my fortune be so good, to let me fall

Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.

Yet tell me this, will there be no slaunders,

No jealousies in the other world, no ill there? *Phi.* No.

Are. Shew me then the way. *Phi.* Then guide

My feeble hand, you that have power to do it,

For I must perform a piece of Justice. If your youth

Have any way offended heaven, let prayers

Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepared *Enter a country fellow.*

Coun. I'll see the King if he be in the forrest, I have hunted him these two hours; if I should come home, and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me; I can see nothing but people better horst then my self, that out-ride me; I can hear nothing but howling. These Kings had need of good braines, this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits. Ther's a Courtier with his sword drawn, by this hand upon a woman, I think.

Phi. Are you at peace? *Are.* With heaven and earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soul and body?

Coun. Hold dastard, strike a woman! th' art a craven I warrant thee, thou wouldest be loth to play half a dozen of venies at wasters with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us good friend.

Are. What ill bred man art thou, to intrude thy self Upon our private sports, our recreations.

Coun. Gods uds, I understand you not, but I know the rogue has hurt you.. *Phi.* Pursue thy own affairs: it will be ill

To multiply blood upon my head, which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your Rhetorick, but I can lay it on if you touch the woman

They fight.

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest.

Are. Heavens guard my Lord. *Coun.* Oh do you breath?

Phi.

PHILASTER.

Phi. I hear the tread of people : I am hurt,
The gods take part against me, could this Boor
Have held me thus else ? I must shift for life,
Though I do loath it. I would finde a course,
To lose it, rather by my will then force. *Exit Philaster.*

Coun. I cannot follow the rogue : I pray thee wench come and
kiss me now.

Enter Phara, Dion, Cle. Trafi. and Woodmen.

Pha. What art thou ?

Coun. Almost kild I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her

Pha. The Princess Gentlemen ! Where's the wound Madam ?
Is it dangerous ? *Are.* He has not hurt me.

Coun. I faith she lies, has hurt her in the breast, look else.

Pha. O sacred spring of innocent blood.

Di. 'Tis above wonder : who should dare this ? *Are.* I felt it not

Pha. Speak villain who has hurt the Princess ?

Coun. Is it the Princess ?

Coun. Then I have seen something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her ?

Coun. I told you a rogue I ne'er saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam who did it ?

Are. Some dishonest wretch, alas I know him not,
And do forgive him.

Coun. He's hurt to, he cannot go far, I made my fathers old
fox flie about his ears. *Pha.* How will you have me kill him ?

Are. Not at all, 'tis some distracted fellow.

Are. By this hand, I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger then a
nut, and bring him all in my hat. *Are.* Nay, good sir,

If you do take him bring him quick to me,

And I will study for a punishment,

Great as his fault.

Pha. I will. I will.

Are. But swear.

Pha. By all my love I will : Woodmen conduct the Princess to
the King, and bear that wounded fellow to dressing ; Come Gen-
tlemen, wee'll follow the chase close.

Exit Are. Pha. Di. Cle. Tra. & 1 Woodman

Coun. I pray you friend let me see the King.

2 Wood. That you shall, and receive thanks.

Exeunt.

Coun. If I get clear with this, I'll go to see no more gay sights.

Enter Bellario.

Bell. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,

And

PHILASTER.

And I must sleep : Bear me thou gentle bank,
 For ever if thou wilt : you sweet ones all,
 Let me unworthy press you : I could wish
 I rather were a Course strewed ore with you,
 Then quick above you. Dulness shuts mine eyes,
 And I am giddy ; Oh that I could take
 So sound a sleep, that I might never wake. Enter *Philaster*.

Phi. I have done ill, my conscience calls me false,
 To strike at her, that would not strike at me :
 When I did fight, me thought I heard her pray
 The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
 And I a loathed villain : if she be,
 She will conceal who hurt her ; He has wounds,
 And cannot follow, neither knowes he me.
 Who's this ? *Bellario* sleeping ? If thou beest
 Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep *cry Within*
 Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,
 So broken : Hark I am pursu'd : you gods
 I'll take this offer'd meanes of my escape :
 They have no mark to know me, but my wounds,
 If she be true ; if false, let mischief light
 On all the world at once. Sword, print my wounds
 Upon this sleeping boy ; I ha none I think
 Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee. *wounds him.*

Bell. Oh death I hope is come, blest be that hand,
 It meant me well ; again, for pities sake.

Phi. I have caught my self, *Phi. fals.*
 The loss of blood hath stay'd my flight. Here, here
 Is he that stroke thee : take thy full revenge,
 Use me, as I did mean thee, worse then death :
 I'll teach thee to revenge this luckless hand
 Wounded the Princess, tell my followers,
 Thou didst receive these hurts ; in staying me,
 And I will second thee : Get a reward.

Bell. Fly, fly my Lord, and save your self. *Phi.* How's this?
 Wouldst thou I should be safe ? *Bell.* Else were it vain
 For me to live. These little wounds I have,
 Ha not bled much, reach me that noble hand,
 Ile help to cover you. *Phi.* Art thou true to me ?

Bell. Or let me perish loath'd, Come my good Lord,
 Creep

PHILSAETER.

Creep in among those bushes ; who does know
But that the gods may save your (much lov'd) breath.

Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee : what wilt thou do ?

Bell. Shift for my self well ; peace, I hear 'um come.

Within. Follow, follow, follow ; that way they went.

Bell. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall ; Heaven knows,
That I can stand no longer.

Enter *Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrastine.*

Pha. To this place we have tract him by his blood.

Cle. Yonder, my Lord, creeps one away.

Di. Stay sir, what are you ?

Bell. A wretched creature wounded in these woods
By beasts ; relieve me, if your names be men,
O: I shall perish.

Di. This is he my Lord,
Upon my soul that hurt her ; 'tis the boy,
That wicked boy that serv'd her. *Pha.* O thou damn'd in the cre-
What cause could'st thou shape to hurt the Princess ? (ation !

Bell. Then I am betrayed. *Di.* Betrayed ; no, apprehended.

Bell. I confess ;
Urge it no more, that big with evil thoughts
I set upon her, and did take my aim
Her death ; For charity let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.

Pha. I will know who hir'd thee to this deed ?

Bell. Mine own revenge. *Pha.* Revenge, for what ?

Bell. It pleas'd her to receive
Me as her Page, and when my fortunes eb'd
That men strid or'e them carelessly, she did showre
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes, till they overflowed their banks ;
Threatning the men that crost 'um ; when as swift
As stormes arise at Sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning Suns upon me, and did dry
The streames she had bestowed, leaving me worse
And more contemn'd then other little brookes,
Because I had been great : In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire

PHILASTER

To die reveng'd. *Pha.* If tortures can be found,
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour. *Philaster creeps out of a bush.*

Cle. Help to lead him hence.

Phi. Turn back you ravishers of Innocence,
Know ye the price of that you bear away so rudely?

Pha. Who's that? *Di.* 'Tis the Lord *Philaster*.

Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all Kings in one,
The wealth of *Tagus*, not the rocks of pearl,
That pave the Court of *Neptune*, can weigh down
That vertue. *It was I* that hurt the Princess.

Place me, some god, upon a *Piramis*,
Higher then hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence,
I may discourse to all the under-world,
The worth that dwells in him. *Pha.* How's this?

Bell. My Lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies *Bellario*

Bell. Alas he is mad, come will you lead me on?

Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep:
And Gods do punish most, when men do break,
He toucht her not. Take heed *Bellario*,
How thou dost drown the vertues thou hast shown
With perjury. By all that's good 'twas *I*:
You know she stood betwixt me and my right.

Pha. Thy own tongue be thy Judge. *Cle.* *It was Philaster.*

Di. Is't not a brave boy?

Well Sirs, *I* fear me we were all deceived.

Phi. Have *I* no friend here? *Di.* Yes.

Phi. Then shew it;

Some good body lend a hand to draw us neerer.
Would you have tears shed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck that there
I may weep floods, and breath out my spirit:
'Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the gold
Lockt in the heart of earth, can buy away
This armful from me, this had been a ransome
To have redeem'd the great *Augustus Caesar*,
Had he been taken, you hard hearted men.

PHILASTER.

More stony then these mountains, can you see
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh
To stop his life? To bind whose better wounds,
Queens ought to tare their hair, and with their tears
Bath 'um. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth of poor *Philaster*.

Enter *King, Arethusa and a guard.* *K.* Is the villain tane?

Pha. Sir, here be two, confels the deed; but say it was *Philaster*.

Phi. Question it no more, it was.

K. The fellow that did fight with him will tel us.

Are. Ay me, I know he will. *K.* Did not you know him?

Are. Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.

Phi. I was so, Oh my stars! that I should live still.

K. Thou ambitious fool;

Thou that hast laid a train for thy own life;
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk, bear him to prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life; should it pass unreveng'd,
I should to earth go weeping; grant me then,
(By all the love a father bear his childe)
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures and their deaths.

Di. Death? soft, our law will not reach that, for this fault.

K. 'Tis granted; take 'um to you, with a guard.
Come princely *Pharamond*, this business past,
We may with more security, go on to your intended match. (ple.

Cle. I pray that this action lose not. *Phi.* The hearts of the peo-

Di. Fear it not, their overwise heads will think it but a trick.

Finis Actus quarti.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus 3. Scene 1.

Enter *Dion, Cleremond, and Trasiline.*

Tra **H** As the King sent for him to death?

Di. **H** Yes, but the King must know, 'tis not in his power to
war with heaven.

Cle. We linger time; the King sent for *Philaster* and the headf-
man an hour ago. *Tra.* Are all his wounds well?

Di. All they were but scratches, but the loss of blood made him
faint. *Cle.* We dally Gentlemen. *Tra.* A way.

Di. Wee'll scuffle hard before he perish.

Exeunt.

H

Enter

P H I L A S T E R.

Enter *Philaster, Arethusa, Bellario.*

Are. Nay dear *Philaster* grieve not, we are well.

Bel. Nay good my Lord forbear, we are wondrous well.

Phi. Oh *Arethusa* ! O *Bellario* ! Leave to be kind :

I shall be shot from heaven, as now from earth,

If you continue so ; I am a man,

Falsely to a pair of the most trusty ones

That ever earth bore, can it bear us all ?

Forgive and leave me ; but the King hath sent

To call me to my death, oh shew it me,

And then forget me : And for thee my boy,

I shall deliver words will mollify

The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

Bel. Alas my Lord, my life is not a thing

Worthy your noble thoughts : 'tis not a life,

'Tis but a piece of child-hood thrown away :

Should I out-live you, I should then out-live

Vertue and honor : And when that day comes,

If ever I shall close these eyes but once,

May I live spotted for my perjury,

And waste my limbs to nothing.

Are. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,
Forc'd with my hands to bring my Lord to death)

Do by the honor of a Virgin swear,

To tell no hours beyond it. *Phi.* Make me not hated so.

Are. Come from this prison, all joy full to our deaths.

Phi. People will tear me when they finde you true

To such a wretch as I ; I shall die loath'd.

Injoy your Kingdoms peaceably, whilst I

For ever sleep forgotten with my faults.

Every just servant, every maid in love

Will have a piece of me if you be true.

Are. My dear Lord say not so. *Bel.* A piece of you ?
He was not born of women that can cut it and look on :

Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you,
For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.

Are. Why 'tis well. *Bel.* Lament no more.

Phi. What would you have done

If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found

My life no price, compar'd to yours ? For love Sirs,

P H I L A S T E R.

Deal with me truly.

Bell. 'Twas mistaken, sir : *Phil.* Why if it were.

Bell. Then sir we would have ask'd you pardon.

Phi. And have hope to enjoy it ? *Are.* Injoy it ? I.

Phi. Would you indeed ? be plain. *Bel.* We would my Lord.

Phi. Forgive me then. *Are.* So, so.

Bel. 'Tis as it should be now. *Phi.* Lead to my death *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Dion, Cleremond, Ibrafiline.

K. Gentlemen, who saw the Prince ?

Cle. So please you sir, he's gone to see the City,
And the new platform, with some Gentlemen
Attending on him. *K.* Is the Princess ready

To bring her prisoner out ? *Tra.* She waits your Grace.

K. Tell her we stay.

Di. King, you may be deceiv'd yet.

The head you aime at cost more setting on
Then to be lost so slightly : If it must off
Like a wild overflow, that soops before him
A golden Stack, and with it shakes down Bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of *Pines*, whose cable roots
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,
And so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride,
Charges strong Towns, Towers, Castles, Palaces,
And lays them desolate : so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruines.

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, Bellario in a rob and Garland.

K. How now, what mask is this ?

Bel. Right royal sir, I should
Sing you an Epithalamium of these lovers,
But have lost my best ayrs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessed union on ; thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar branches,
The noblest of the Mountain, where they grew
Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their lavers, and slept
Free from the *Sirian* star, and the fell thunder-stroke

PHILASTER.

Free from the Clouds, when they were big with humor,
And deliver'd in thousand spouts, their issues to the earth :
O there was none but silent quiet there !

Till never pleas'd Fortune, shot up shrubs,
Base under brambles to divorce these branches ;
And for a while they did so, and did reign
Over the Mountain, and choakt up his beauty
With brakes, rude Thornes and Thistles, till the Sun
Scorcht them even to the roots, and dried them there :

And now gentle gale hath blown again,
That made these branches meet, and twine together,
Never to be divided : The gods that sing

His holy numbers over marriage beds,
Hath knit their hearts, and here they stand
Your children mighty King; and I have done.

K. How, how?

Are. Sir, if you love in plain truth,
For there is no masking in't ; This Gentleman
The prisoner that you gave me is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throwes
Your jealousies, and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he strangled, and at length
Arriv'd here my dear husband.

K. Your dear husband ! call in
The Captain of the Cittadel ; There you shall keep
Your wedding. I'll provide a Masque shall make
Your Hymen turn his saffron into a sullen coat
And sing sad Requiems to your departing souls:
Blood shall put out your Torches, and instead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks
An Ax shall hang like a prodigious Meteor
Ready to crop your loves sweets. Hear you gods :
From this time do I shake all title off,
Of Father to this woman, this base woman,
And what there is of vengeance, in a Lion
Cast among dogs, or rob'd of his dear young,
The same inforc't more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me.

Are. Sir,
By that little life I have left to swear by,
There is nothing that can stir me from my self.
What I have done, I have done without repentance,

PHILASTER.

For death can be no Bug bear unto me,
So long as *Pharamond* is not my headl-man.

Di. Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid
When ere thou dyest ; for this time I'll excuse thee,
Or be thy Prologue. *Phi.* Sir, let me speak next,
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions ; if you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
Y'are a Tyrant, and a savage Monster ;
Your memory shall be as foul behind you
As you are living, all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in Marble :
No Chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men : No Monument
(Though high and big as *Pelican*) shall be able
To cover this base murther, make it rich
With Brass, with purest Gold, and shining Jasper,
Like the Pyramides, lay on Epitaphs,
Such as make great men gods ; my little marble
(That onely cloaths my ashes, not my faults)
Shall far out shine it. And for after issues
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,
That they will give you more, for your mad rage
To cut off, unless it be some snake, or something
Like your self, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father King : there was fault,
But I forgive it : let that sin perswade you
To love this Lady. If you have a soul,
Think, save her, and be saved, for my self,
I have so long expected this glad hour.
So languisht under you, and daily withered,
That Heaven knows it is my joy to dye,
I finde a recreation in't.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's the King ? *K.* Here.

Mess. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the Prince *Pharamond* from danger,
He's taken prisoner by the Citizens.
Fearing the Lord *Philaster*. *Di.* O brave followers ;
Mutiny, my fine dear Country men, mutiny,

Now

P H I L A S T E R.

Now my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons,
In honor of your Mistress. *Enter another Messenger.*

Mess. Arm, arm, arm: K. A thousand Devils take 'um.

Di. A thousand blessings on um.

Mess. Arm O King, the City is in mutiny,
Led by an old gray Ruffin, who comes on
In rescue of the Lord *Philaster.* *Exit With Are. Phi. Bell.*

K. Away to the Cittadel, I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these Burgers: Let the guard
And all the Gentlemen give strong attendance *Exit. King.*

Manent Dion, Cleremond, Th asline.

Cle. The City up, this was above our wishes.

Di. I and the marriage too; by my life,
This noble Lady has deceiv'd us all, a plague upon my self: a thou-
sand plagues, for having such unworthy thoughts of her dear ho-
nors: O I could beat my self, or do you beat me and I'll beat you,
for we had all one thought. *Cle.* No, no, 'twill but lose time.

Di. You say true, are your swords sharp? Well my dear Coun-
treymen, what ye lack, if you continue and fall not back upon the
first broken shin, I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut
and chronicled, and all to be prais'd, and sung in sonnets, and bath'd
in new brave Ballads, that all tongues shall trouble you in *Sacula*
Saculorum my kind Can carriers.

Tra. What if a toy take 'um 'ith' heels now, and they run all a
way, and cry the Devil take the hindmost.

Di. Then the same devil take the foremost too, and sowce him for
his breakfast if they a I prove Cowards, my curses fly among them
and be speeding; May they have Murriens ra ga to keep the gentle-
men at home unbound in easie freeze: May the Moths branch their
Velvets, and their silks onely be worn before sore eyes. May their
falselights undo 'um, and discover presses, holes, stains, and old-
ness in their Stuffles, and make them shopid: May they keep
Whores and horses, and break; and live mued up with neck of
Beef and Turnups: May they have many children, and none like
the Father: May they know no language but that gibberish they
prattle to their Parcells, unless it be the goarish Latine they write
in their bonds, and may they write that false, and lose their debts.

Enter the King.

K. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them how they
swarm together! what a hum they raise! Devils choak your wilde
• throats

PHILASTER.

throats; If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a Bro-
kage for it, and then bring 'um on, they will fight like sheep. 'Tis
Philaster, none but *Philaster* must allay this heat: They will not
hear me speak, but sling dirt at me, and call me Tyrant. Oh run
dear friend, and bring the Lord *Philaster*: speak him fair, call him
Prince, do him all the courtesie you can, commend me to him. Oh
my wits! my wits!

Exit Cleremond.

Di. Oh my brave Countrey men! as I live, I will not buy a pin
out of your Walls for this; Nay you shal cozen me, and I'll thank
you, and send you Brawn and Bacon, and soile you every long va-
cation a brace of foremen, that at *Michaelmas* shal come up fat and
kicking.

K. What they will do with this poor Prince, the gods know,
and I fear.

Di. Why Sir, they'll flea him, and make Church-Buckets on's
skin to quench rebellion, then clap a rivet in's sconce, and hang
him up for a sign.

Enter Cleremond and Philaster.

K. O worthy sir forgive me, do not make
Your miseries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be your self,
Still found amongst diseases, I have wrong'd you,
And though I finde it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodness know it, Calm the people
And be what you were born to: take your love,
And with her my repentance, and my wishes,
And all my prayers, by the gods my heart speaks this:
And if the least fall from me not perform'd,
May I be strook with thunder.

Phi. Mighty Sir,

I will not do your greatness so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth; free the Princess
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad Sea breach which I've either turn
Or perish with it.

K. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word: be Kingly,
And be not moved Sir I shall bring your peace,
Or never bring my self back.

K. All the gods go with thee.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter an old Captain and Citizens With Pharamond.

Cap. Come my brave Mirmidons, let's fall on, let our caps

Swarm

P H I L A S T E R.

Swarm my boys, and you nimble tongues forget your mother.
 Gib nish, of what do you lack, and let your mouths
 Up Children, till your Pallats fall frighted half a
 Fathom, past the cure of Bay-salt and gross Pepper,
 And then cry *Philaster*, brave *Philaster*,
 Let *Philaster* be deeper in request. My ding dongs:
 My pairs of dear Indentures, King of Clubs,
 Then your cold water Chamblers, or you paintings
 Spitted with Copper, let not your hasty Silks,
 Or your branch'd Cloth of Bodkin, or your Tishues,
 Dearly belov'd of spiced Cake and Custard.
 Your Robin-hoods scarlets and *Johns*, tie your affections
 In darkness to your shops, no dainty Duckers
 Up with your three pil'd spirits, your wrought valours.
 And let your uncut Collier make the King feel
 The measure of your mightiness *Philaster*
 Cry my Rose-nobles, cry. *All. Philaster, Philaster.*

Cap. How do you like this my Lord Prince? these are mad boys,
 I tell you, these are things that will not strike their top-sayles
 To a Foist. And let a man of war, an argosie hull and cry Cockels.

Pha. Why you rude slave, do you know what you do?

Cap. My pretty Prince of Puppets, we do know
 And give your greatness warning, that you talk
 No more such Bugs words, or that tordred Crown
 Shall be scratch'd with a Musket: Dear Prince Pippen.
 Down with your noble blood, or as I live,
 I'll have you codled: let him lose my spirits,
 Make us a round Ring with your Bills my Hectors,
 And let us see what this trim man dares do,
 Now sir, have at you; her I lie,
 And with this swashing blow, do you sweet prince?
 I could hulk your grace, and hang you up cross-leg'd,
 Like a Hare at a Poulters, and do this with this wiper.

Pha. You will not see me murdered wicked Villaines?

1Ci. Yes indeed wil we sir, we have not seen one foe a great while

Cap. He would have weapons, would he? give him a broad tide
 my brave boyes with your pikes, branch me his skin in Flowers
 like a Satin, and between every Flower a mortal cut, your Roy-
 alty shall ravel, jag him Gentlemen, I'll have him cut to the kell,
 then down the seams, oh for a whip.

PHILASTER.

To make him galoone Laces

I'll have a Coach whip. *Pha.* O spare me Gentlemen.

Cap. Hold, hold, the man begins to fear, and know himself,
He shall for this time onely be seal'd up
With a Feather through his nose, that he may onely see
Heaven and think whither he's going,
Nay my beyond Sea sir, we wil proclaim you, you would be King.
Thou tender Heir apparent to a Church ale,
Thou sleight Prince of single scarcenet;
Thou royal Ring-tail, fit to flie at nothing
But poor mens Poultry, and have every Boy
Beat thee from that too with his Bread and Butter.

Pha. Gods keep me from these Hell hounds.

2 Cit. Shal's geld him Captain?

Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets my dear Donsells
As you respect the Ladies let them flourish;
The curses of a longing woman kills as speedy as a plague, Boys.

1 Cit. I'll have a leg that's certain. *2 Cit.* I'll have an arm.

3 Cit. I'll have his nose, & at mine own charge build a Colledge,
and clap't upon the gate.

3 Cit. Ile have his little gut to string a Kit with,
For certainly a royal Gut will sound like silver.

Pha. Would they were in thy belly, and I past my pain once.

5 Cit. Good Captain let me have his Liver to feed Ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels else? Speak.

Pha. Good gods consider me, I shall be tortur'd.

1 Cit. Captain I'll give you the trimming of your hand sword,
and let me have his skin to make false Scabbards.

2 Cit. He had no horns sir had he?

Cap. No sir, he's a pollard, what would'st thou do with horns?

2 Cit. O if he had, I would have made rare Hafts and Whistles
of 'um, but his skin-bones if they be sound shall serve me.

Enter Philaster

All. Long live *Philaster*, the brave Prince *Philaster*.

Phi. I thank you Gentlemen, but why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades? *Cap.* My royal Rosiclear,
We are thy Mirmidons, thy Guard, thy Rorers,
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our musty Murrians on,

P H I L A S T E R.

And trace the streets in terrour. Is it peace
Thou *Mars* of men? Is the King sociable,
And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foemen,
And free as *Phæbus*? Speak, if not, this stand
Of royal blood, shall be a broach, a tilt, and run
Even to the lees of honor.

Phi. Hold and be satisfied, I am my self,
Free as my thoughts are; by the gods I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?
Art thou the *Hylas* to our *Hercules*?
Do the Lords bow, and the regarded scarlets,
Kiss their gumd gols, and cry we are your servants?
Is the Court Navigable, and the presence struck
With Flags of frendship? If not, we are thy Castle,
And this man sleeps.

Phi. I am what I do desire to be, your friend,
I am what I was born to be, your Prince.

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you,
You have a noble soul, forget thy name,
And know my misery, set me safe aboard
From these wild *Canibals*, and as I live,
I'll quit this Land for ever: there is nothing,
Perpetual prisonment, cold, hunger, sickness,
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and altogether
The worst company of the worst men, madness, age,
To be as many Creatures as a woman
And do as all they do, may to despair;
But I would rather make it a new Nature,
And live with all those then endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.

Phi. I do pity you: Friends discharge your fears,
Deliver me the Prince, I'll warrant you.
I shall be old enough to finde my safety.

3 *Cit.* Good sir take heed he does not hurt you,
He's a fierce man I can tell you Sir.

Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a fursingle,
And make you like a hawk. *He strives.*

Phi. Away, away, there is no danger in him.
Alas he had rather sleep to shake his fit off,
Look you friends, how gently he leads, upon my word.

PHILASTER.

He's tame enough, he need no further watching
Good my friends go to your houses, and by me have your pardons,
and my love,

And know there shall be nothing in my power
You may deserve; but you shall have your wishes.
To give you more thanks were to flatter you,
Continue still your love, and for an earnest
Drink this. *Al.* Long maiſt thou live brave prince, brave prince,
brave prince. *Exit, Philaſter and Pharamond.*

Capt. Thou art the King of Courteſie :
Fall off again my ſweet youths, come and every man
Trace to his houſe again, and hang his pewter up, then to
The Tavern and bring your wives in Muſſes, we will have
Muſick, and the red grape ſhall make us dance, and riſe Boys. *Ex.*
Enter King, Arethuſa, Gallatea, Megra, Cleremond, Dion,
Traſiline, Bellario, and attendants.

K. Is it appeas'd? *Di.* Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,
As peaceable as ſleep, my Lord *Philaſter*,
Brings on the prince himſelf. *K.* Kind Gentlemen!
I will not break the leaſt word I have given
In promiſe to him, I have heap'd a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To waſh away.

Enter Philaſter and Pharamond.

Cle. My Lord is come. *K.* My ſon!
Bleſt be the time that I have leave to call
Such vertue mine; now thou art in mine arms;
Me thinks I have a ſalve unto my breaſt
For all the ſtings that dwell there, ſtreams of grief
That I have wrought thee; and as much of joy
That I repent it, iſſue from mine eyes :
Let them appeaſe thee, take thy right; take her
She is thy right too, and forget to urge
My vexed ſoul with that I did before.

Phi Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Paſt and forgotten : For you Prince of *Spain*,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honorable voyage home.
And if you would go furniſh'd to your Realm
With fair proviſion, I do ſee a Lady

PHILASTER.

Me thinks would gladly bear you company :

How like you this piece? *Meg.* Sir he likes it well,

For he hath tried it, and found it worth

His princely liking ; we were tane a bed,

I knew your meaning, I am not the first

That nature taught to seek a fellow forth,

Can shame remain perpetually in me,

And not in others? Or have Princes salves

To cure ill names that meaner people want? *Phi.* What mean you?

Meg. You must get another ship

To bear the Princess and the boy together. *Di.* How now !

Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him

At that all women may be tane sometime :

Ship us all four my Lord, we can endure

Weather and wind alike.

K. Clear thou thy self, or know not me for father

Are. This earth, how false it is? What meanes is left for me

To clear my self? It lies in your belief,

My Lords believe me, and let all things else

Struggle together to dishonor me.

Bell. O stop your ears great King, that I may speak

As freedom would, then I will call this Lady

As base as be her actions, hear me sir,

Believe your hated blood when it rebels

Against your reason sooner then this Lady.

Meg. By this good light he bears it handsomely.

Phi. This Lady? I will sooner trust the wind

With Feathers, or the troubled Sea with pearl,

Then her with any thing ; believe her not !

Why think you, if I did believe her words ;

I would out live 'um : honor cannot take

Revenge on you, then what were to be known

But death? *K.* Forget her sir, since all is knit

Between us : but I must request of you

One favour, and will sadly be denied:

Phi. Command what ere it be.

K. Swear to be true to what you promise,

Phi. By the powers above,

Let it not be the death of her or him ,

And it is granted. *K.* Bear away that boy

PHILASTER.

To torture, I will have her cleer'd or buried.

Phi. O let me call my words back, worthy sir,
Ask something else, bury my life and rig
In one poor grave, but do not take away my life and fame at once.

K. Away with him, it stands irrevocable.

Phi. Turn all your eyes on me, here stands a man
The falsest and the basest of this world :
Set swords against this breast some honest man,
For I have liv'd till I am pittied,
My former deeds were hateful, but this last
Is pittiful, for I unwillingly
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture : is it in the power *Offers to kill himself.*
Of flesh and blood, to carry this and live ?

Are. Dear sir be patient yet: or stay that hand *K.* Sir, strip that boy

Di. Come sir, your tender flesh will try your constancy.

Bel. O kill me Gentlemen. *Di.* No help sirs

Bel. Will you torture me ? *K.* Haste there, why stay you ?

Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know just Gods though I discover all.

K. Hows that ? Will he confess ? *Di.* Sir so he says

K. Speak then. *Bel.* Great King if you command
This Lord to talk with me alone, my tongue
Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known, and stranger things then these
You hear not often. *K.* Walk aside with him.

Di. Why speak'st thou not ? *Bel.* Know you this face my Lord ?

Di. No. *Bel.* Have you not seen it, nor the like ?

Di. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where. *Bel.* I have been often told

In Court, of one *Euphrasia*, a Lady
And Daughter to you, betwixt whom and me
(They that would flatter my bad face would swear)
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, drest alike.

Di. By heaven and so there is. *Bel.* For her fair sake
Who now doth spend the spring time of her life
In holy Pilgrimage, move to the King,
That I may scape this torture. *Di.* But thou speak'st
As like *Euphrasia* as thou dost look,

PHILASTER.

How came it to thy knowledge that she lives in Pilgrimage ?

Bel. I know not my Lord,
But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.

Di. Oh my shame, ist possible ? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee, art thou she,
Or else her murderer ? where wert thou born ? *Bel.* In *Siracusa*.

Di. What's thy name ? *Bell. Enphrasia.* (died)

Di. O 'tis just, 'tis she, now I do know thee, oh that thou hadst
And I had never seen thee nor my shame,
How shall I own thee ? shall this tongue of mine
Ere call thee Daughter more ?

Bel. Would I had died indeed, I wish it too,
And so I must have done by vow, ere publish'd
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer, yet I joy in this,
The Princess is all clear. *K.* What have you done ?

Di. All's discovered: *Phi.* Why then hold you me.

Di. All is discovered, pray you let me go. *He offers to stab*

K. Stay him. *Are.* What is discovered ? *(himself)*

Di. Why my shame, it is a woman, let her speak the rest.

Phi. How ! that again. *Di.* It is a woman,

Phi. Blest be you powers that favor innocence.

K. Lay hold upon that Lady.

Phi. It is a woman Sir, hark Gentlemen,
It is a woman. *Arethusa* take

My soul into thy breast: that would be gone
With joy : It is a woman, thou art fair
And vertuous still to ages, in despite of malice:

K. Speak you, where lies his shame ? *Bel.* I am his Daughter.

Phi. The gods are just. *Di.* I dare accuse none, but before you two
The vertue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy. *Phi.* Take it freely, for I know,
Though what thou didst were indiscreetly done,
'Twas meant well. *Are.* And for me,
I have a power to pardon sinnes as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.

Cle. Noble and worthy. *Phi.* But *Bellaris*,
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why
Thou didst conceale thy sex, it was a fault,
A fault *Bellaris*, though thy other deeds

PHILASTER.

Of truth out waigh'd it: All these Jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discovered,
What now we know. *Bel.* My father would oft speak
Your worth and vertue, and as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so rais'd, but yet all this
Was but a Maiden longing to be lost
As soon as found, till sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in Lawn, I saw a god
I thought, (but it was you) enter our gates,
My blood flew out, and back again as fast
As I had pust it forth, and suckt it in
Like breath, then was I cald away in hast
To entertain you. Never was a man
Heav'd from a sheep-coat, to a scepter rais'd
So high in thoughts as I, you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever, I did hear you talk
Far above singing; after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stir'd it so, alas I found it Love,
Yet far from lust, for could I but have liv'd
In presence of you, I had had my end,
For this I did delude my noble Father
With a feign'd Pilgrimage, and dress'd my self,
In habit of a Boy, and for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you. And understanding well,
That when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a Maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from mens eyes;
For other then I seem'd; that I might ever
Abide with you, then fate I by the Fount
Where first you took me up. *K.* Search out a match
Within our Kingdom where and when,
And I will pay thy dowry, and thy self
Wilt well deserve him, *Bel.* Never shall I
Marry, it is a thing within my vow,

But

PHILASTER.

But if I may have leave to serve the Princess,
To see the vertues of her Lord and her,
I shall have hope to live. *Arc. I Philaster,*
Cannot be jealous, though you had a Lady
Drest like a Page to serve you, nor will I
Suspect her living here, come live with me,
Live free, as I do, she that loves my Lord,
Curst be the wife that hates her.

Phi. I grieve such vertue should be laid in earth
Without an Heir: hear me my royal Father,
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman,
Her malice cannot hurt us: set us free.
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.

K. Set her at liberty, but leave the Court,
This is no place for such, you *Pharamond*
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a Prince, when you come there,
Remember 'twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purpos'd will. *Pha.* I do confess
Renowned sir.

K. Last joyn your hands in one, enjoy *Philaster*
This Kingdome which is yours, and after me
What ever I call mine, my blessing on you,
All happy hours be at your marriage joyes,
That you may grow your self over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Where ever there is Sun, let Princes learn
By this to rule the passions of their blood,
For what Heaven wils, can never be withstood.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

